

[Time, O Time]

Beliefs and Customs Folk Stuff 19

FOLKLORE

JUN 19 1939

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Herman Partnow

ADDRESS 557 West 114th St.

DATE June 7, 1939

SUBJECT TIME, O TIME, TURN BACK IN THY FLIGHT

1. Date and time of interview

June 1st, 1939

2. Place of interview

Central Park Meadow

3. Name and address of informant

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Anonymous

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Sunning unemployed, thick damp grass, cops' whistles.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C [?]

TEXT OF INTERVIEW (Unedited) [?]

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Herman Partnow

ADDRESS 557 West 114th St.

DATE June 7, 1939

SUBJECT Fringe folklore TIME, O TIME, TURN BACK IN THY FLIGHT

He who shuns wine, women and song is just a fool his whole life long. Omar Kayyam wuz right. I feel like a fool. Here World's Fair broads passin up and down, real blousers, and I gotta lay on the grass an watch them. I oughta take a stroll ta Wall Street and draw some dough but it's too damm far. I tried to hock the Chrysler Buildin but they wouldn't take it. Then I sold the Essex House but I couldn't collect. Now all I got is this dime and I'm lookin

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for its brother. If I don't find it before tonight, I'll just hafta go up and sit down by the window and listen ta the radio. I ain't used to furnished rooms, not since that taste of heaven my wife gimme. Player piano, books, radio. Full icebox - steaks, chops, the best. All she asked me to do was stay home and take care of the house. When she come home at night she always threw a coupla packs of cigarettes oh the table. Hell, I couldn't stand it. I felt like a housemaid, a goddam domestic. One mornin she left ninety cents. For my lunch and the kid's, crackers when she come home from school, and a show. Well, I hocked the radio and bought a quart for the boys and we went to 2 work on that bottle when I woke up next mornin they wuz gone. . . . I like layin on the grass too much. Tough work an long hours gets you an early grave, don't it? Like my old man layin under the ground. He's layin down an rest. I didn't even give im a Fathers Day present week before he died. I figured it's commercialism, anyway, it don't matter. If you ain't got the guts to remember your mother and father every day in the year and ya gotta depend on phoney commercialism ya don't deserve a mother, ya deserve ta be born from a pig, a whole litter, goddam it, a whole goddam litter. If my daughter ever tries bringin me candy on Fathers Day I'll kick er in the can. If she an her mother come back, I mean. I keep my soul full of hope. I ain't layin down like my old man an take a rest. I read in the papers some idle rich guy shut himself up in his room, it wuz the Essex House, and stuffed up the windows and the door and got imself gassed up. Must of been too dark so he decided to find his way out and he lit a cigarette. He found his way out all right. Him and the whole room there blew outa the window O'time, O time, turn back in thy flight and make me a kid again just for tonight. . . . If I ever decided ta sort of take a rest ya know what I'd do? Take a long swim out in the ocean. After a while I'd get tired but I'd keep on swimmin and Then I'd get so tired I couldn't lift my arms at all. Then I'd get scared and turn around and swim for shore but I'd never reach it, see? I'd try like hell ta get back but I'd go under tryin. It'd be like life that way, ya wanna live but ya gotta die ... Talkin gets ya nowhere fast, I gotta amscray outa here. This grass city is only a paradise fer pigeons. Ya sure ya can't gimme the brother ta this dime? Or do I hafta go down to the river bank and draw a coupla breaths of air?